

CHARIVARIA.

It is now rumoured that there is more than meets the eye in the forthcoming naval display in the Thames, when there is to be a line of war vessels stretching from the Nore to the Houses of Parliament. The actual object of this show of force is, it is said, to intimidate the Suffragettes, who have been threatening a renewed attack on the House of Commons from the river.

Our new cruiser, *H.M.S. Defence*, ran ashore the other day, and was none the worse for a short stay there. It is satisfactory to know that she is not merely seaworthy.

When Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE visited Cardiff he spent some time at the Pageant House inspecting the costumes, "in which," *The Daily Chronicle* informs us, "he displayed all the intelligent interest of a PAQUIN or a WORTH." Note how considerate the Radical Press is to Mr. ASQUITH's colleague. There is no mention of a POIRET.

Meanwhile Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's influence in Wales, at any rate, seems to increase rather than to diminish. No sooner, we read, was Cyfarthfa Castle thrown open to the public, the other day, than plants and shrubs were uprooted, brass taps wrenched off, the rooms ransacked, and even lead removed from the roof. Taffy takes kindly to the hen-roost notion.

It speaks well for the careful arrangements at the Horse Show that, although there were 1,500 baby rambles there, not one of them was injured.

At a rummage sale in connection with a Yarmouth Church Mission the silk hat of one of the workers was inadvertently sold for a penny. The owner's annoyance may be imagined, for the article, we understand, was worth more than double what was given for it.

Our attention has been drawn to the advertisement of a Temperance Hotel at Shrewsbury, which states boldly:—

"PORTER KEPT ON THE PREMISES."

After this, it seems perhaps unkind to mention that the House in question is called "The Welcome Temperance Hotel."

Contrary to announcements the Church Pageant opened with a realistic representation of the Flood.

Our modern theatres carry realism to wonderful lengths. For instance, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH has informed an inter-



Alan (in clear and bell-like tones, five minutes after the curtain has gone up on the first scene of "The Merchant of Venice"). "MOTHER, WHICH IS SHAKSPEARE?"

viewer that in the supper scene in *The Woman in the Case* the beverage she drinks is not really champagne, although it appears to be such.

In his speech at the Press Conference Lord MORLEY stated that many persons were committing themselves to literature as a profession with no more justification than his friend Mr. BIRRELL would have if he took to the painting of pictures. Nothing, however, was said about Mr. BIRRELL's politics.

Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL considers that lessons in the spending of money should be given to women. But surely this is one of the things that comes naturally to them?

Poor Mr. Crawford Again.

O. M. R. W.
"J. N. Crawford 0 2 1 0 0."
—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

This is an example of what perseverance can do. Indeed, it has led to an even greater success. In *The Evening News* we read:—

"Crawford's dismissal of Benham afforded a fine example of what is known as poetic justice. It happened thus: Benham in playing forward did not meet the ball properly, and it sped a few inches above the ground to Marshal, who could not quite hold it with one hand. With the very ball, however, the Surrey captain clean bowled Benham."

This, at least, shows that Mr. CRAWFORD does not call for a new ball every time he has a catch missed off his bowling.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

[Being the reflections of a pessimist on the unanimity shown by our leading statesmen in speeches delivered on the subject of National Defence before the Imperial Press Conference.]

"Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule . . ."

Tennyson.

Yes, we "endorse" each other right enough;
"Hear, hear!" we cry, "'twas excellently said;"
Our hearts, no doubt, are of the proper stuff,
And here and there a head—

But, when we look to feel the guiding hand
Laid to the promised task betimes and now,
Like patient oxen in the tilths we stand,
With none to steer the plough.

Oh, you have heard us, you from oversea,
Have heard our statesmen, every brand and hue,
Talk with a wondrous unanimity
Of what we ought to do;

But think you we shall do it? Ah, good Sirs,
The thought is prompted by a guestly tact,
Or you are misinformed of what occurs
In the domain of fact.

Not that we shirk the sacrifice to pay;
Nor that our ancient pride of race is lost;
But that our chosen leaders make delay,
Stopping to count the cost.

A decade since, in that disastrous year
We put our finger on the cankered spot,
Saying, "We'll have the surgeon's lancet here!"
And left it—clean forgot.

That is our way, down which we ever drift;
Hopeful that with the Hour will come the Man,
We wait the call to action, stern and swift,
To clinch the pondered plan;

And still we need a ruler who can rule,
An arm to smite the iron while it glows,
And we are left to let our fervour cool,
And the good moment goes.

Honest we grant them: we're an honest breed;
But where's the courage bold to say, "You must!"
There lies your duty; follow where I lead;
Else I resign my trust!"

O you who never in your younger lands
Have "let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'"
But, when your heart's work lies before your hands,
Take it and make it good;

Go back and shame us into living deeds,
For here at home, in speeches deftly spun,
We talk and talk and talk of England's needs,
And nothing's ever done!

Poor "weary Titan" (that's the term they use)—
Weary I can't think why, unless for lack
Of exercise to keep her splendid thews
From growing soft and slack—

'Tis to her sons our candour makes appeal
(Trusting the family to bear the truth)
That you should give her tonics stiff with steel,
And so renew her youth;

Yet not assume the cynic's captious mood,
For such irreverence would become you ill,
Since, at her worst and weariest, you're her brood,
And she's a Titan still. O. S.

IN THE GRIP OF AN ARTIST.

SCENE—The interior of an "artistic hairdressing establishment for ladies" in a not unfashionable quarter of London. All the compartments, except one, are occupied by victims in various stages of torture. There is a buzz of conversation, mostly carried on by the executioners. A lady advances timidly towards the empty compartment. She is pounced upon by the artist (a French gentleman) to whom it belongs, takes her seat in the chair, and is swathed for the operation.

The Artist. Now, Madame, vat is it you desire?

The Lady. Well, I thought I should like to have my hair done. You see—

The Artist (undoing her hair). Oh, yes, I see. I am not blind in boe eyes. You are from ze contry. It is difficult to attend to ze hair in ze contry. I am to give an artistic effect, hein?

The Lady. Something of that kind. I thought you might do it in puffs.

The Artist (angrily). In poffs! I am to do ze hair in poffs! It is not a word I understand. You mean I am to do it in r-r-rolls?

The Lady. Well, yes, if you like rolls better I'll have it in rolls.

The Artist. It is not vat I like better. The question I most pose to myself is zis: Will Madame's hair go into r-r-rolls, and in addition, Can I make an effect vis r-r-rolls?

The Lady (meekly). Exactly. I should be much obliged if you'd try.

The Artist. And I am expect to make r-r-rolls viz zis (holding out streamers of hair contemptuously). Ven ze hair is six inch long I can make r-r-rolls, or if Madame please I call zem poffs—but zis hair is a yard. I cannot respect myself if I make him into poffs. Ze head will look like a pompink.

The Lady (with resignation). Why not wave it a little just to start with?

The Artist. Aha, zey all say vafe me ze hair. Zat is easy ven you haf fine, soft hair; but yours, Madame, it is too strong. Soch hair I cannot vafe to do me credit; bot I will try. (He tries for a minute or two. Then he stands off a yard or so to contemplate the result). Mon Dieu, vat vill you? I have done him tant bien que mal, but I cannot make him beautiful.

(A Female Attendant approaches.)

The F. A. Mr. Rigault, there's a lady asking for you.

The Artist. She ask for me? Vell, she cannot get me. Say to her I am occupied.

The F. A. But she says she won't have anyone else.

The Artist. Ah, it is always so. Zey vant me, but I do not vant zem. But, mon Dieu, do you not see I have a hand-ful here (pointing to his victim)?

The F. A. But can't you say when you'll be done? She says she'll wait.

The Artist. She vill wait! Zen she most wait one hour, two hour, zree hour. I cannot leaf zis lady till I finish.

The F. A. But—

The Artist. I have said. And if she vos ze Queen of Lahore I cannot alter it. Do not talk to me any more. (He resumes the Lady's hair.) Zere, Madame, I have vafed you; but for ze r-r-rolls it is impossible.

The Lady. Well, what can you do with it?

The Artist (after a pause for reflection, partly to himself).



CHURCH AND STAGE.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. "SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK. I CAN'T GET MY RELIGIOUS PLAY PAST THE CENSOR."





SHARP PRACTICE AT A BAZAAR.

Lady Grace. "COME ALONG, HE WON'T BUY ANY."

Lady Beatrice. "HE'LL HAVE TO AS SOON AS HE MOVES. HE'S BOUND TO BREAK THEM!"

Ah, coquin, je te tiens! Pardon, Madame, I have found ze vav. I twist him in a big coil—so (*he twists it*), and zen I haf some little ends and I curl zem—so (*he attempts to curl them round his fingers*). Bot, tunder of heaven, it vill not go. It is like nails to curl. No, I cannot. I am at end of my resources.

The Lady. Never mind. Do what you like with it.

The Artist. Aha, zis is it. I vind zem round one ze ozzer (*he does so*). Now I put ze net on. (*He pats and smooths it all admiringly*). Not bad, not bad, my fine fellow. Zere, Madame; I make you my compliments. You vill say it is a good effect. Of course I could not fail, but it vos a big affair. No matter. I have pulled myself out of it better zan I expect. (*Scene closes.*)

THE PAGAN SPLURGE.

THE spirit of the new Hellenic revival, which in this country has been chiefly confined to Marathon races and music-halls, has, as might have been expected, begun to spread like wild-fire in the more imaginative atmosphere of the U.S.A. A young Sicilian shepherd and piper was lately, so we read, imported for the purposes of a "Greek pageant and Bacchanalia" organised by the leaders of New York Society: but this is as nothing compared with the rumours that are hourly floating like the strains of Pan across the herring-pond.

An immense celebration, for instance, of the Waldorphyic mysteries is being prepared by the "Four Hundred" for

June, the anniversary month of the foundation of their order (in 411 B.C.) by Antiphon at Athens, and at this festival a modern version of the Adonis Chant will be sung by white-robed maidens in procession at Newport, with special reference to the temporary sojourn of ex-President ROOSEVELT in Africa.

Meanwhile, Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER is thinking of towing over the island of Delos just as it swims, and mooring it by a golden chain to Rhode Island, where, by the way, a colossal statue of Big BILL TAFT is to be erected: this accomplished, the President of the Standard Oil Companies, as lineal descendant of the God of Light, will deliver oracles to the Press from the ancient haunt of Apollo.

At Chicago, again, Mr. J. D. PATTEN is about to build a temple to Demeter, the bountiful earth-mother, in commemoration of his successful scoop in the wheat-market: while Mr. G. O. ARMOUR, the beef-king, has become an ardent student of the *Iliad*, and is never tired of repeating the line,

χρύσεια χαλκείων ἑκατομβοῖ' ἐννεαβοίων,

which he translates as an inspired prophecy of the pecuniary advantages of wholesale canning.

All over the States millionaires are contracting for white marble mausoleums of Ionic or Doric description to hold their remains, and the saying that "good Americans when they die go to Paros," will soon be truer than ever. As further indications of the new movement, it may be remarked that Chian wine (known as Chianti) is everywhere replacing Cocktails, and that the inhabitants of Pittsburg are said to be desirous of re-naming their city Tartaropolis.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER I.

Introducing the Lop-eared Ones and Others.

"By Hobbs," cried Archie, as he began to put away the porridge, "I feel as fit as anything this morning. I'm absolutely safe for a century."

"You shouldn't boast with your mouth full," said Myra.

"It wasn't quite full," pleaded Archie, "and I really am good for runs to-day."

"You will make," I said, "exactly fourteen."

"Hallo, good morning. Didn't see you were there."

"I have been here all the time. Fourteen."

"It seems a lot," said Myra, doubtfully.

Archie laughed in scorn.

"The incoming batsman," I began, "who seemed in no way daunted by the position of affairs—"

"Five hundred for nine," put in Myra.

"—reached double figures for the fourth time this season, with a lofty spick to the boundary. Then turning his attention to the slow bowler he despatched him between his pads and the wicket for a couple. This, however, was his last scoring stroke, as in the same over he played forward to a long hop and fell a victim to the vigilance of the wicket-keeper."

"For nearly a quarter of an hour," continued Myra, "he had defied the attack, and the character of his batting may be easily judged from the fact that his score included one five—"

"Four from an overthrow," I added in parenthesis.

"And one four. Save for a chance to mid-on before he had scored, and another in the slips when seven, his innings was almost entirely free from blemish—"

"Although on one occasion he had the good fortune, when playing back to a yorker, to strike the wicket without dislodging the bails."

"See to-morrow's *Sportsman*," concluded Myra.

"Oh, you children," laughed Archie, as he walked over to inspect the ham. "Bless you."

Miss Fortescue gave a little cough and began to speak. Miss Fortescue is one of those thoroughly good girls who take an interest in everything. A genuine trier. On this occasion she said:

"I often wonder who it is who writes those accounts in *The Sportsman*."

"It is believed to be Mr. Simpson," said Archie.

Simpson looked up with a start and jerked his glasses into his tea. He

fishes them out and wiped them thoughtfully. "The credible," he began, "is rarely—"

"Gentlemen, I pray you silence for Mr. Simpson's epigram," cried Archie.

"Oh, I always thought Mr. Simpson wrote verses in *The Saturday Review*," said Miss Fortescue in the silence which followed.

"As a relaxation only," I explained. "The other is his life-work. We read him with great interest; that bit about the heavy roller being requisitioned is my favourite line."

"Mr. Simpson and KILICK and CRAWFORD all play in glasses," put in Myra eagerly, across the table.

"That is their only point in common," added Archie.

"Oh! isn't he a very good player?"

"Well, he's a thoroughly honest and punctual and sober player," I said, "but—the fact is, he and I and the Major don't make many runs nowadays. We generally give, as he has said in one of his less popular poems, a local habitation to the—er—airy nothing."

"I thought it was SHAKESPEARE said that."

"SHAKESPEARE or Simpson. Hallo, here's Thomas at last."

Thomas is in the Admiralty, which is why he is always late. It is a great pity that he was christened Thomas; he can never rise to the top of his profession with a name like that. You couldn't imagine a Thomas McKenna—or even a Thomas Nelson. I want him to get it altered by letters patent, but I hardly like to suggest it; letters of any kind are a dangerous subject with him just now.

"Morning everybody," said Thomas.

"Isn't it a beastly day?"

"We'll hoist the south cone for you," said Archie, and he balanced a mushroom upside down on the end of his fork.

"What's the matter with the day?" asked our host, the Major, still intent on his paper.

"It's so early."

"When I was a boy—"

"My father, Major Mannering," said Archie, "will now relate an anecdote of Waterloo."

But the Major was deep in his paper. Suddenly he—there is only one word for it—snorted.

"The Budget," said Myra and Archie, exchanging anxious glances.

"Ha, that's good," he said, "that's very good! 'If the Chancellor of the Exchequer imagines that he can make his iniquitous Budget more acceptable to a disgusted public by treating it in a spirit of airy persiflage he is at liberty to try. But airy persiflage, when brought into contact with the determined temper of a nation—'"

"Who is the hairy Percy, anyhow?" said Thomas to himself.

The Major glared at the interrupter for a moment. Then—for he knows his weakness and is particularly fond of Thomas—he threw his paper down and laughed. "Well," he said, "are we going to win to-day?" And while he and Archie talked about the wicket his daughter removed *The Times* to a safe distance.

"But there aren't eleven of you here," said Miss Fortescue to me, "and if you and Mr. Simpson and Major Mannering aren't very good you'll be beaten. It's against the village the first two days, isn't it?"

"When I said we weren't very good I only meant we didn't make many runs. Mr. Simpson is a noted fast bowler, the Major has an M.C.C. scarf which can be seen quite easily at point, and I keep wicket. Between us we dismiss many a professor. Just as they are shaping for a cut, you know, they catch sight of the Major's scarf, lose their heads and give me an easy catch. Then Archie and Thomas take centuries, one of the gardeners bends them from the off and makes them swim a bit, the Vicar of his plenty is lending us two sons, Tony and Dahlia Blair come down this morning, and there is a chauffeur who plays for keeps. How many is that?"

"Eleven, isn't it?"

"It ought only to be ten," said Myra, who had overheard.

"Oh, yes, I was counting Miss Blair," said Miss Fortescue.

"We never play more than ten a side," said Archie.

"Oh, why?"

"So as to give the scorer an extra line or two for the byes."

Myra laughed; then, catching my eye, looked preternaturally solemnn.

"If you've quite finished breakfast, Mr. Gaukrodger," she said, "there'll just be time for me to beat you at croquet before the Rabbits take the field."

"Right O," I said.

Of course, you know, my name isn't really Gaukrodger. A. A. M.

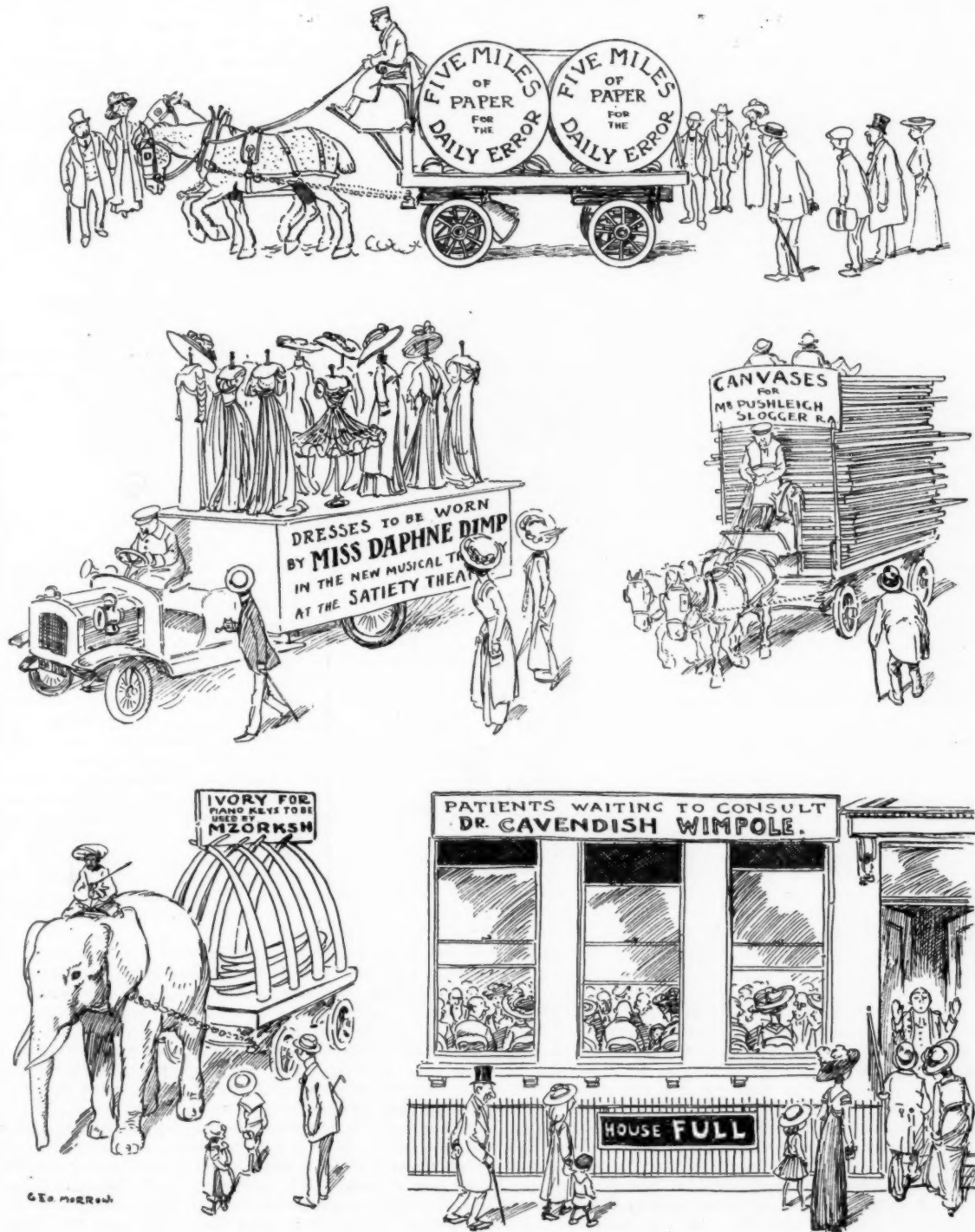
From an Auction Catalogue:—

"An Upright Panel of Old Brasse's Tapestry, representing the Reception of Julius Caesar by the Emperor Augustus, after his conquest of Britain, in border of formal foliage."

Of course it may have been meant for that. But historically there is as much authority for supposing that it represents the return of William Bailey after the conquest of Pimlico.

"At King William's Town, on 25th inst., the wife of — of a daughter." This appears in *The Cape Mercury* under the heading "WANTED."

THE ART OF ADVERTISING.



THE FIRST OF THE ABOVE SCENES IS FAMILIAR ENOUGH IN THE STREETS OF LONDON. WE OFFER A FEW VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS SHOWING HOW THIS PRETTY IDEA MIGHT BE DEVELOPED.

WRITING A COMEDY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN Sibbering told us at the Club that he was about to retire to a remote village in Sussex in order to write a comedy, we were all a little incredulous. We had not been aware that he wrote at all, and, somehow, a comedy was about the last thing we should ever have expected from him. So that, when I happened, shortly afterwards, to be staying myself within a few miles from Tidhurst, the village in question, I could not resist going over to look up Sibbering, and find out if he really was working at a comedy, and, if so, how he was getting on with it.

I discovered him at last in his retreat—a charming cottage, well away from the village and main road, and surrounded by woods and sloping meadows. There was no doubt about the comedy, for he was actually engaged upon it as I entered his sitting-room,—a remarkably pleasant and cheerful one, with a large bay-window at one side, looking out upon a sunny orchard, and, on the other, a latticed casement, the light of which was shaded by a big yew and some Scotch firs that overhung the front garden. He seemed nervous and worried, but not displeased to see me. “No, my dear fellow,” he said, “you’re not interrupting me at all. Fact is, I’m rather at a stand-still for the moment. Though I *did* think I was just in the right mood for a comedy in my present state of fearful depression!”

I must have looked puzzled, for he explained: “Surely you know that all genuine humourists are dismal melancholy chaps in private life? You must have heard that old yarn of the hypochondriacal patient going anonymously to consult a doctor. ‘My advice to you,’ said the doctor, ‘is to go to the Jollity and see that new farcical comedy of Grinling Gassiter’s. If that don’t cheer you up, nothing will.’ All the other fellow said was: ‘I am Grinling Gassiter.’ And I suppose he *didn’t* go to the Jollity. Well, don’t you see? Any one whose spirits are as low as mine are ought to turn out no end of a brilliant comedy. Only I shall never get a chance of doing it *here*!”

I said I should have thought the place an ideal one for any literary work, if only for its absolute quiet. “Quiet?” he said, “*quiet*! With all these beastly birds about! Ah, I see—you think they’re innocent chirruping little beggars, with no ideas beyond minding their own business. So did I—*once*. When I came down here first, I supposed they were merely talking to one another about their private affairs. As soon as my ear got more accustomed to their intonation, I found that the malicious little devils were spending their whole time in talking at *me*! It’s no use saying ‘Nonsense!’ like that. I tell you it’s a fact. They’re all in a conspiracy to put me off my comedy. For anything they can tell it might be the means of rescuing our National Drama from its present deplorable condition—but what’s that to *them*? They’re trying their hardest to nip it in the bud. There, did you hear that blackbird call out, ‘We’re *doing* it—we’re *doing* it, we’re *doing* it!’ You see—he actually *glories* in his work! He’s the worst of the lot, that blackbird. He started this infernal persecution the very first morning I commenced work! No sooner had I written: ‘*The Tergiversations of Lady Tryphena, an Original*

Comedy, by Robert Sibbering,’ than the brute began: ‘The eedjit! the cedjit! Cheek of him to try and write a Comedy!’ or words to that effect. And another bird—a thrush *he* was—asked, ‘Will he *do* it? Will he *do* it?’ On which the blackbird said, ‘No fear, *he’ll* chuck it—he’ll chuck it!’ and then gave a nasty kind of whistle.

“After that, of course, I became the joke of all the birds in the neighbourhood! They come and shout out: ‘Stick to it! Stick to it!’ or, ‘*He’ll* do it! *he’ll* do it!’ but mostly they advise me to ‘leave it—leave it!’ If you listen, you’ll hear ‘em at it *now*!’ . . .

I did listen, and I am bound to admit that the cries I heard were capable of his interpretation—but, as I told Sibbering, I felt sure the birds did not intend to be rude—it was only manner. “Not intend to be rude!” cried Sibbering, “when a confounded thrush has just this very instant addressed me as ‘Gr-reedy Bob’? You can’t see him, because he always dodges behind a branch of that apple-tree over there—but you *must* have heard him!”

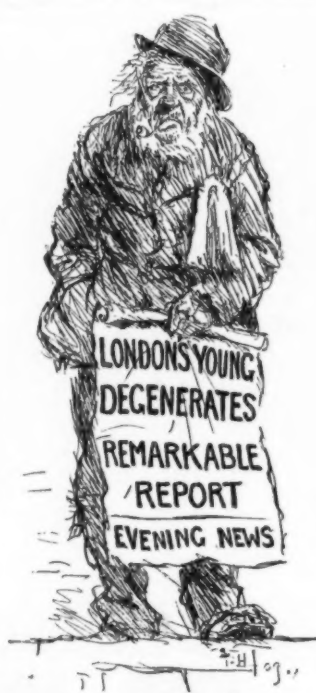
I couldn’t deny it, but once more I assured Sibbering that I did not think the remark had any personal reference. “I know better!” he declared with some heat; “he comes and charges me with gluttony whenever I’m at meals, and I’ll swear the fat beast eats a lot more than ever I do! Perhaps,” he added, in tones of withering irony, “you’ll tell me next that bird in the yew meant to be complimentary? Do you know what he called me? A ‘Chee-chee-chee-chippy-chippy-chirriwit!’”

At this, a thrush, as if from sheer desire to make more mischief, struck in with: “So he *did*—so he *did*!”

I advised Sibbering to take no notice. “After all,” I said, “it didn’t *sound* as if it was meant to be offensive.” “I don’t pretend to know its exact meaning,” said Sibbering very solemnly, “but this much I *do* know—it’s an epithet that no *decent* bird would sully his bill with. And for two pins I’d take that bird’s name and address. No, of course I know that would be no use. But what right has he to reflect on my credit?”

It was probably the merest coincidence, but just then a blackbird (if it wasn’t a thrush) cut in with, “Credit—credit. Get a verdict! Get a ver-dict!”

“He’s taunting me now!” he cried, “taunting me because he knows as well as I do that I’ve no legal remedy! That’s the same bird that took upon himself, only yesterday, to suggest a perfectly preposterous opening line for my first scene. Lord Percival Flarge comes on alone, do you see? and I was trying to hit on a really smart speech for him—something, don’t you know, that would put the audience in a good temper at once. I’d *almost* got it, when that confounded blackbird chipped in with, ‘How’d it do? I’ve been and gobbled a worrum, and my worrud, *he* was such a wriggley one!’ Now, I ask you, could he *really* have supposed that that was a likely observation for any English nobleman to make? Of course he knew better! It was simply dashed impertinence! Still, I’ve thought of the right thing at last, in spite of him. How does this strike you? ‘Act I., Scene I. The Morning Room at Toppingham Towers. Enter Lord Percival Flarge. Lord Percival (to himself): “And so Lady Lopyeir” (I’m making this a



“SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT.”



THE GREAT WAR OF 19—.

Major. "IT'S PRETTY CERTAIN WE SHALL HAVE TO FIGHT 'EM IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW YEARS."

Subaltern. "WELL, LET'S HOPE IT'LL COME BETWEEN THE POLO AND THE HUNTIN'."

really high-class comedy—all the characters have titles except the domestics—I'm told the Dress Circles prefer it)—"so *Lady Lopyeir* is not at home. H'm, she can't be such a very mysterious personage, after all, when this is the second time I've found her out!" Spoken with the right emphasis—the right emphasis, you know, I think that ought to get a laugh, eh?"

Before I could reply I was anticipated by a long plaintive cry from a bird in the front garden. "There's another of 'em!" cried Sibbering. "Upon my soul, this sort of thing is simply intolerable!"

"Now come, my dear fellow," I protested, "it merely said: 'A little bit o' bread and no chee-ese!' All yellowhammers do, you know!" Sibbering looked at me suspiciously: "Other yellowhammers may say that," he replied; "what that yellowhammer said was: 'A little wit—and such an old whee-eze!' A distinct allusion to my joke!"

Assuming this to be the case, I was privately of the yellowhammer's opinion, but of course I took care not to say so. "How am I ever to make any progress," demanded Sibbering, "if I'm to be constantly subjected to these carping criticisms? I must and will put a stop to it! I wonder if I found the village constable and asked him to caution the birds— You think I'd better not, eh? Well, perhaps you're right, dear old chap, perhaps you're right. But you've seen for yourself what I've got to put up with, and, if I should have to give up all idea of finishing my comedy, I wish you'd explain to the other fellows why I found it impossible." . . .

I never heard any more of "*The Tergiversations of Lady*

Tryphena," so I conclude that Sibbering must have found the birds too many for him. At the same time I cannot help thinking that he was just a trifle over-sensitive. F. A.

An Eisteddfoddy.

The inrush of the Welsh to London this week is terrific. Prudent voyagers from the Principality itself started some days in advance, knowing how any pressure of traffic renders the Welsh railways somewhat slow and uncertain. At the moment of going to press, our special representative wires:—"I have just interviewed one of the leading Bards, named Wilkie. He personally opened the door to me. 'Wellllewm!' he said genially. 'Myndd ywr hatt dwsntt twch the llamp.' I asked him what he thought of London. It appeared that he knew the place well; still, he agreed that it was 'wvnddrffwl,' to quote his own picturesque word. He expressed great surprise that he hadn't been invited to take part in the Eisteddfod this year; he would have been only too willing, he said, to sing to them, and to make them sing."

A Great Bowling Feat by a Batsman.

It is not often that a player, while in the act of defending his own wicket, secures several of the other side's, taking fourteen altogether in one innings. Yet this, according to *The Daily Chronicle* (special type), is what Robson did against the Australians:—

"Going in at 32, and taking a brief rest after capturing his sixth wicket, Robson sent down nineteen overs and a ball for 35 runs and eight wickets."



'Arry (worsted in debate). "WELL, ANY'OW, 'AIR ON A MAN'S FACE I DON'T MIND, BUT COKEY-NUT MATTIN' I DO OBJECT TO!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE success achieved by the gifted Hungarian singer, Mlle. Jelly von Aranyi, has already had a remarkable effect on the nomenclature of our leading singers. Mr. PLUNKET GREENE has given notice that he will henceforth be known as Mr. Junket Greene, and by no other name. Madame MELBA has almost completed the legal formalities necessary to her assuming the forename of Pêche. Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD will in future sing under the succulent title of Mr. Baba au Rumford. Madame KIRKBY LUNN has adopted the name of Sally, and Mr. HENRY BIRD, by a deed poll duly signed and witnessed, has assured all and sundry whom it may concern that his name in future will be Buszard. Lastly, Mrs. HENRY WOOD has intimated

that her vocal engagements will henceforth be fulfilled under the attractive *alias* of Charlotte Russe.

M. Emile Cartouche, the renowned French baritone, besides being a great singer, is a famous archaeologist, and always makes a point of studying the period of every opera in which he sings. Thus having been cast for the part of *Amonasro* in *Aida* he at once proceeded to Egypt, lived on mummy wheat for three weeks, and camped out at the foot of the Sphinx, ascending at least one of the Pyramids every day in order to impart the requisite local colour to his vocal chords, which, it is hardly necessary to say, are of phenomenal length and power.

Madame Gemma d' Antichità, the Cala-

brian *diva* who will shortly make her *début* at Covent Garden as the principal witch in the revival of CIMAROSA'S *Macbeth*, has, since the death of Signora Messalina Skrimshanks, enjoyed the privilege of being the only living pupil of the renowned Porpora. Although the famous coloratura singer has been twenty decades before the public, her *répertoire* includes several of the most up-to-date operas. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, who recently heard her sing, observed that, with the exception of *She*, Mme. Gemma d' Antichità was the most sprightly bicentenarian he had ever come across.

The performance of the new opera, the name of which has escaped us, at Covent Garden last Saturday was a prodigious success. The stalls presented their usual bright and animated appearance, tiaras were rife, and every seat was occupied. Among those present were the Patagonian Minister, the Chevalier Pongo di Mangostine, Mariana Countess of Bonanza and the Hon. Dorcas Boodle, the Earl and Countess of Dollymount, Sir Langdale Pike, Sir Ernest Berncasteler, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Blaumeberg, the Cavaliere Barolo, Baron Ingelheim and Sir Isidore Zeltinger.

It is stated in a circular issued by his agent that Pepito Ariola, the modern MOZART, "in addition to his extraordinary musical talent, has shown a constant thirst for knowledge of every kind, and, although he has only been a few weeks in London, is not only learning English rapidly, but has a thorough grasp of the intricate railway system, by which he is fascinated, and of which he has made a special study." We learn from another source that Sir GEORGE GIBB, who recently attended one of Pepito Ariola's recitals, was so electrified by his plying that he at once offered the *Wunderkind* a seat on his Board and a permanent free pass from Mansion House to The Monument. Meantime we learn that M. PADEREWSKI is engaged on a new opera, the libretto of which is entirely composed of the names of the Welsh Railway-stations in *Bradshaw*.

Nerves.

"He started badly, slicing his tee shot to the first hole, and had to take a niblick to recover. The result was a 5 at the second hole."—*Evening Standard*.

Apparently his recovery was not immediate. Another time he should take a stronger pick-me-up.

Lieut. SHACKLETON has just arrived in Glasgow from the neighbourhood of the Antarctic Pole, and complains bitterly of the comparative inclemency of our climate.



IN THE COILS.

[Among the most notable results of the Imperial Press Conference is the appointment of a Committee for the purpose of securing a reduction in cable-rates between the various parts of the Empire.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 7.
—Only the other day Strangers' Galleries re-opened; pity if it should prove necessary to close them again. Serious risk has been run. SIMON, K.C., innocently responsible. Varied dull debate on Finance Bill by one of his bright, clear, never too lengthy speeches. Held a brief for the grocer, weighed down with apprehension of burdensome rates for spirit licences.

"Whatever may be said on the subject from the temperance point of view," insisted the learned gentleman, "it does not seem fair that the grocer should pay an amount equal to half the annual valuation of his premises."

Enunciation of this noble sentiment went straight home to heart of a grocer in the gallery.

"Right!" he said, and loudly clapped his hands.

Messengers in attendance rushed up and remonstrated. Grocer's spirit sank within him. What was the use of Lord ROSEBURY making speeches at Shepherd's Bush, extolling the greatness of an Empire buttressed about by loyal colonies, if, seated in the very home of liberty, a downtrodden grocer, momentarily elate at the enunciation of a great principle, was not permitted to clap his hands for joy, as do (or did, in the days of the Psalmist) all the trees of the field? Happily the matter was not carried further, authority being



"Went straight home to heart of a grocer in the gallery."

(Mr. Simon, K.C.)



MR. HAROLD COX AT HOME TO HIS FOLLOWERS 4-7.

Mr. Cox. "Dear me! 6.45, and no one turned up yet. It looks as if we shan't be crowded! Most enjoyable! I think I shall take myself in to have another ice!"

satisfied with a reprimand and a warning not to do it any more.

So the grocer remained in the Gallery, and presently heard a touching story told by Mr. YOUNGER bearing upon the great whisky question. Two monkeys were generously entertained by a scientist, each being provided with a noggin of Scotch. One sample newly distilled, the other well matured. Result remarkable and instructive. The gentleman who tossed down the new whisky grew fractious, uttering strange cries and showing strong desire to fight his host. The other became as mellow as the whisky he was permitted to sample. As Mr. YOUNGER, with contagious enthusiasm, put it, "He became delightfully and pleasantly drunk, making friends with everybody around." So that there should be no mistake about it, the monkeys were subsequently entertained at another *séance*. The distribution of whisky, young and old, was reversed, with precisely the same consequence.

The grocer in the gallery was disposed to regard it as rather a waste of liquor, but conceded that in the public interest the experiment was worth the cost.

It is understood that, having served the desired purpose, the monkeys were, not without some trouble, induced to sign the pledge.

Business done.—Finance Bill comes up for Second Reading. SON AUSTEN moves rejection.

Tuesday.—The accustomed, familiar fate has befallen in connection with Second Reading of Finance Bill. Whenever a certain number of days is solemnly set apart for discussion of a particular point, Melancholy marks the House for its own. The Opposition complain that the time allotted is insufficient, and straightway go off to pass away its precious hours elsewhere. In present instance four days have been allotted to Second Reading stage. To-day, as yesterday, beggarly array of empty benches presents itself. The



"What is the Prairie Value of the Lord Advocate on the top of a Scotch mountain?"—Mr. Harold Cox.
(Mr. Ure in situ.)

Parliamentary minnow has been swimming round, with plenty of room for fins and tail. The whales float apart, waiting till eve of division, when they will tumble over each other in competition for the few remaining hours.

This afternoon HAROLD COX steps down to verge of stagnant pool and stirs it with thrusting point of argument illumined by flashes of humour. The young Member for Preston is the most precious product of the still new Parliament. His position, won in comparatively brief time, is honourable equally to the House and himself. It discloses afresh the supreme quality which preserves vitality of what Press delegates from over seas strikingly allude to as the Mother of Parliaments. The House cares not a rap whether a Member seeking its favour is duke's son or cook's son. True it has a lingering preference for the former. But if the latter be the better man he will win the prize for which countless multitudes have striven.

Four years ago HAROLD COX (not, by the way, a "cook's son," but a judge's) was, if the phrase be permissible, a struggling journalist. To-day he is one of the acknowledged ornaments of debate in the House of Commons. His uprising fills the Chamber in degree only less

striking than what follows on interposition of the PREMIER or the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. The part he essays to fill is as familiar as it is alluring. In the last generation HORSMAN achieved considerable success. Later we have had CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES. In quality HAROLD COX exceeds both. There is finer finish about his work.

Moreover—and this, if not unique, is a rare quality about a man who stands aloof from Parties and factions, conscious of superiority to all—he neither insists on pre-eminence nor affects humility. If he happens to know more about finance than the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

or of law than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the circumstance, like murder, will out. With smiling countenance, in gentlest manner, with a voice of singular sweetness, he strives to spare his right hon. friend, or the hon. gentleman opposite, anything like humiliation.

His speech this afternoon obviously carefully prepared; yet there was about it no nauseous smell of the lamp. Every point lightly, surely made, amusing those in whose side the dart stuck almost as much as it gratified the looker-

on. This manner, when based upon sound and carefully stored material, is the perfection of the art of Parliamentary speech.

Business done.—Still droning round the Budget.

Thursday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK much interested in article in a medical journal on what is described as "speech fright." It cites cases where, in House of Commons and elsewhere, gentlemen rising with intention of offering a few remarks, find their tongue glued to roof of their mouth, and after vain attempt to loosen it distractedly sit down. The journal learnedly discusses the question, Can Medical Art give relief in such case? It arrives at affirmative conclusion and gives a few recipes.

SARK, holding that a grain of personal experience is worth an ounce of professional advice, has been making enquiries on his own account. Approaching PECKHAM BANBURY, he learned that, contrary as it may be to general observation, the hon. Member is habitually subject to speech fright.



HEARING SOMETHING TO HIS DISADVANTAGE.

Mr. Lloyd-George (in debate on Second Reading of Finance Bill). "If I quote Adam Smith he is too slow for Dulwich, and if I quote John Stuart Mill he is too shallow for Preston, so I fall back on Lord St. Aldryn." (Laughter.)



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS. No. 2.

IN PIKE-FISHING, SHOULD THE BEGINNER BE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO CATCH AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FISH, HE HAD BETTER GET THE ASSISTANCE OF SOME PROFESSIONAL FISHER, OR OTHER PERSON OF EXPERIENCE, BEFORE WEIGHING THE FISH, AS THERE IS CONSIDERABLE ART IN THIS.

"For some Sessions," he said, "I remained dumb. As soon as ever I got on my legs, a sort of creeping paralysis beset me, and I could not utter a word. I partially got over it by adoption of a little ruse. Having caught the SPEAKER's eye, and being called upon, I rose to my feet. Couldn't utter a word. Awkward to sit down again; so I made believe it was all a mistake on part of the SPEAKER; walked out of House as if that had been my original intention in rising. Of course this couldn't go on always. After three or four performances, the SPEAKER, so to speak, began to smell a rat. He 'saw it moving in the air,' and ignored me. Then, citing upon medical advice, I took twenty grains of potassium bromide an hour before coming down to the House. Result marvellous. As you may have noticed, I have now little or no difficulty in contributing my share to current debate."

BELLAIRS scoffs at medicaments.

"My plan is simple," he says. "Whenever I am due at Question time I lunch off a slice or two of Bacon. Have it cooked in chafing dish on the table. Cut thin, one watches it frizzling and thinks what a time it is having, to be sure."

MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY, on the other hand, agrees with PECKHAM as to merits of medicine. But he varies the dose. He finds an infallible panacea in ten drops of fluid extract of gelsemium taken three times a day.

"On that," he says, "I can fire off from five to six supplementary questions with the ease and accuracy of a maxim."

SARK is still pursuing this interesting study; will welcome personal testimony of Members from either side.

Business done.—Second Reading of Finance Bill carried by 366 votes against 209.

To a Perplexed Government.

Why shift your ground in hope to save your face?

The blow will fall in quite "another place."

"In the Cambridge mathematical tripos seventy-four men and ten women students have so acquitted themselves in the first part of the examination as to deserve mathematical honours, and these will now enter upon the second part of the examination on June 15th, and will be the last of the senior wranglers."—*Lancaster Observer*.

A pathetic thought. Only eighty-four more senior wranglers!

"Visitors to the city [Wells] did not appear to be so large as in former years."—*Somerset Advertiser*.

Mr. CHESTERTON unfortunately was obliged to let Wells alone this Whitsuntide.

L'INCONNUE.

A THICK cloud of anonymity still surrounds the subscriber of £40,000 for the Duke of Norfolk's Holbein, to the increasing disgust of a Press whose watchwork is "Everything about Everybody." In spite of every effort, the lady (it is known to be a lady) continues to be unknown. That anyone should, in this age, have so morbid a taste as to prefer seclusion and the absence of *réclame* is, of course, reprehensible and anti-social to a degree; but there it is.

To the disclaimers which a contemporary has wrested from certain ladies may perhaps be added the following:—

DEAR SIR,—We give you our word of honour that the likeness of the Duchess of MILAN was not bought for the nation by any assistance from us. We should hardly have lent our patronage, since the portrait is painted by hand and not a photo, and also since the lady (?) does not show her teeth. Please give the utmost publicity to this statement.

Yours, etc., ZENA and PHYLIS DARE.

Me give two hundred thousand dollars for a picture for Britishers to look at? Cheese it.

ROSE STAHL.

SIR,—The purchase of the Holbein being completed, may we trespass on your space to say that we know nothing as to the identity of the lady who has given the bulk of the money; and may we add that so long as England tolerates its present freedom of the Press and its Radical Government, and repudiates Tariff Reform, so long will such gifts remain anonymous?

From the nature of our business we can naturally claim special facilities for gauging the extent of national prosperity or depression. We therefore do not hesitate to affirm that should the English continue cherishing the exploded principles of COLDEN and BRIGHT, to the detriment of home industries and agricultural interests, they must be prepared to lose whatever their forefathers attained, whether prosperity, prestige, or pictures: in fact, everything except the peevishness and profits of dealers.

Your obedient servants,

P. and P. POLNAGGI.

DEAR SIR,—I could, of course, have given the £40,000 with the greatest ease—by simply writing a short story—but as a matter of fact, I didn't. It is no interest to me to provide the nation with pictures at which ignoramuses and toads are free to look.

Yours faithfully, MARIE CORELLI.

DEAR SIR,—It was I who gave the money.

SAPHIRA MONGOOSE.

P.S.—I enclose my photo, and shall be pleased to see your interviewer at any time you may fix.

FROM ANTI-ARCTIC REGIONS.

[Dedicated to Lieut. SHACKLETON and his crew by a student of zoological romance.]

You that have been where bergs are stiff
In ice-bound latitudes remotest—

Forgive me, brave explorers, if

I enter here my humble protest.

Of valorous deeds you did your part,

But one sea-wolf (who knows what
what is)

Has failed to find in all your chart

The grand old thrill that heaves his
heart

Up to his epiglottis.

Where was the lapse? Of course I knew;

I that had toured the globe with HENTY,

Had braved with BALLANTYNE the blue,

Longer my summers totalled twenty—

I saw the answer clear as day,

That spelt (for me) your story's ruin;

You simply had to while away

The bloodless hours on foot or sleigh

Without a local Bruin.

Penguins you had, I hear, and seals;

Exhumed some interesting flora;

And startled in her stately reels

The aboriginal Aurora;

But never once there hove in sight

(His hairy shoulders with a hunch on)

The terror of the Arctic night,

Requesting you to stay and fight,

Or constitute his luncheon.

That is the true explorer's note,

The contest of the bo's'un *versus*

(He grips his monster by the throat)

A slightly pinked *Polaris ursus*;

Schooled in a host of such affairs,

Stamped deep by many a writer's pen-
mark,

I tell you that a Pole *sans* bears

Is *Hamlet* played to listless chairs

Without the *Prince of Denmark*.

BY THE SHIVERY SEA.

(Suggested by recent climatic vagaries.)

SEASTAIRS.

YESTERDAY the weather was decidedly cooler. During the previous week a great deal of rain has fallen and the country is looking much refreshed. The well in the grounds of the Hotel Magnifique has risen two feet.

A local natationist undertook to swim from Conger Island to Flush Point on Saturday, but had to give up the attempt owing to becoming entangled in drift ice off the breakwater. His temperature is still subnormal.

The Mayor has called a public meeting to start a Relief Fund for the bathing-machine men, whose destitution, due to prolonged unemployment, is distressingly acute.

RAMSEA.

Fine bracing conditions prevailed yesterday.

The sale of hot-water bottles is quite unprecedented.

A visitor was seen bathing yesterday. No reason is assigned for the rash act.

SHANKMOUTH.

Yesterday the weather was much cooler. A splendid north-east breeze prevailed, and the family shelters provided at the foot of the cliffs were all crowded.

The summer muffin season has begun.

Owing to the representations of the coroner, sea-bathing has been forbidden.

The local golf links are in excellent condition, oil-stoves being installed on every tee.

BOURNEHAVEN.

The air on the sea-front yesterday was most embracing.

After a recent open-air concert the principal trombone player of the Corporation Band was found to be suffering from frost-bite. The Corporation has this week decided to apply for sanction to borrow £500 with the object of providing all the Bandsmen with fur coats. Mr. BULSTRODE, who opposed the vote, created an uproar by asserting that the trombone player's complaint was chronic snake-bite. He defended himself by saying that in such weather it was the act of a benefactor to provoke a heated discussion.

The schoolboy who ate a strawberry ice for a bet yesterday is out of danger.

THE SPRING POET.

AN UNREPORTED SESSION.

VOLUMINOUS as have been the accounts of the proceedings of the Imperial Press Delegates at their epoch-making Conference, they have not by any means covered all the ground. Not a word, for example, has been said about the momentous discussions upon the best colours of ink for Imperial journalists, with such fascinating side-issues as the quality of blue pencils; nothing has reached the public concerning the views of the Delegates on the respective merits of whiskey, coffee and snuff as an enlivener when the hours are small. But perhaps the most interesting session of all was that which was given up to the Spring Poet and how to deal with him, all reports of which seem to have been mislaid, except the following, of which we have exclusive possession.

It was appropriate that Lord CREWE, Secretary of State for the Colonies, should preside over this meeting of the Colonial representatives, since he is himself a poet of no mean calibre and the son of a poet, and one to whom a primrose is more than a mere flower; and it is appropriate, too, that in a discussion upon "The Spring Poet and what to do with him," he should have at his side

Mr. ONIONS, from the Police Court, Mr. CRAIG, from the Oval, Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, a notable amateur lyricist, and Mr. HALDANE, whose triolets are at once the joy and despair of the Front Ministerial Bench, Mr. WILKIE BARD, and Mr. PARIS SINGER.

The Editor of the *Table Mountain Tablet* said that the Cape Government had lately passed a law making the killing of Spring Poets no murder. Since that enactment all the Spring Poets who could afford it wore bullet-proof cuirasses (A voice: "Did you say queer asses?") Loud laughter, in which the Earl of CREWE was constrained to join) and trousers of chain mail.

The Editor of the *Maltese Terrier* said that even in Malta, a little island given up almost entirely to the military, the Spring Poet was known. In fact, the local editor considered him the true Maltese cross.

The strong man of the *Singapore Spectator* said that he supposed he had thrown out in his time as many as forty Spring Poets. He did not hurt them much.

The Editor of the *Hudson Bayly Mail* said that the spring was not a too noticeable feature of his country; but it was impossible for the first glimmering of a break in the winter to get ahead of verses on the subject. He kept a harpoon handy for the authors.

At this stage of the proceedings the Conference was adjourned for half-an-hour and Miss MAUD ALLAN, the renowned Canadian Terpsichorean, gave her famous impersonation of "Spring-heeled Jill" to an accompaniment on the pianola, tastefully contributed by the PRIME MINISTER. After the excitement caused by the performance had died down, Mr. McKECHNIE, of the *Montreal Clarion*, who declared that he was a pure Celt, said we could not do without spring. The poets of old drank of the Pierian spring; the poets of to-day generally wore spring-side boots.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said that vernal versification, or *furor Pierius*, was a well-recognised form of insanity. Fortunately the bacillus had been discovered, and an antitoxin was in course of preparation. The only further difficulty would be in inducing those who were subject to the complaint to submit to inoculation.

Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY said he thought the Government had missed a golden opportunity by not imposing poetic licences on all persons who contribute verse to the Press. He had calculated that on the basis of the tax on armorial bearings at least £500,000 could be raised annually in this way. Failing an impost, he strongly advocated compulsory military service for all Spring Poets. They ought to be first-rate



"SO YOUR HUSBAND IS IN THE PAGEANT, MRS. JONES. I DIDN'T KNOW HE BELONGED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

"NO, MUM, HE DON'T. BUT THERE, HE'S VERY BROAD-MINDED, AND HE DON'T MIND BEING AN ANCIENT BISHOP IN THE CAUSE O' CHARITY."

marchers, because they had so many extra feet to step out with.

The chief leader-writer of the *Bombay Duck* said that again and again the moral effect of one of his polemics had been entirely ruined by the presence in the same paper of a set of milky rhymes.

The Editor of the *Woolloomoolloo Watchword* said that his way with Spring Poets was to ask them to drink and give them poisoned whisky.

The Chairman, in summing up the debate, said that they had heard a number of interesting and valuable testimonies, which must now be codified by the meeting. For his own part, the salient feature of the discussion was the proof it gave that the Spring Poet

was ubiquitous. He hoped that he would be voicing the sentiments of the Conference when he asked them to pass a resolution to the effect that "this great and representative meeting of Imperial pressmen is unanimously of opinion that summary measures should be devised for dealing with Spring Poets."

The motion having been carried without a single dissident, the Conference adjourned in motor-cars to attend an *al fresco* performance of *England's Darling* in the gardens of Swinford Old Manor.

Exchanged if Not Approved.

From an advt.:

"If your baby does not thrive—try Mellin's."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER what sort of notepaper is used by people in fiction: it must be something very generous in size, for they boldly embark upon sentences that would fill the four sides of an ordinary sheet before coming to a fullstop. *Henry Gastonard*, the hero of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON'S last book, *The Show Girl* (CASSELL), opens his shoulders for the benefit of his friend *Paddy O'Connell* in a way that must have warmed the heart of his stationer. He has fallen in love with a young lady named *Mimi*, whom he met at the Fête de Neuilly, and who resides among the Bohemians of the Butte. In spite of this she is quite virtuous, and of aristocratic (if irregular) parentage, though this fact is not discovered until after she has been married to *Henry*, and subsequently kidnapped by her old acquaintances. The glimpses of Montmartre which the author gives us are excellently vivacious, but outside these there are some painful weaknesses. *The O'Connell*, for instance (if that is his proper title), worked off some terribly old golf stories on us; there is a quite impossible parson; also a Paris detective (supposed to be no end of a sleuth-hound) whom even the bull-dog routinists of Scotland Yard would have laughed at, and *Dr. Watson* himself stigmatised as a bungler. However, this last failing may be due to the fact that the novel is conducted entirely by correspondence, a method that does not seem to produce the thrills I hunger for when I take my life-preserver and go out into the realms of the bizarre.

M. E. FRANCIS (or Mrs. BLUNDELL)—I see that her publishers now use both names indiscriminately) has already a long list of successes to her credit, but I think none of her books has been more charming than her latest. *Galatea of the Wheatfield* (METHUEN) was really *Tabitha Bolt*, into the quiet of whose country existence *Gerald Bannister* breathed life and love by teaching her grammar. So that later, when their innocent boy-and-girl flirtation had been broken off, *Tabitha*, desperate at being forced to marry the yokel *Abel Fripp*, accepted literally a chance phrase in an old letter, and, following her Pygmalion to Oxford, burst in upon him and his astounded friends in his rooms at St. Aldate's. You see the embarrassment of the situation for poor Pygmalion! Fortunately both Mrs. BLUNDELL and her characters handle it with a delicate mastery that is wholly delightful. The betrothal of *Tabitha* and *Gerald* is sanctioned, indeed commanded, by quixotic old *Mr. Bannister*; and as a preparation the girl is taken for a year to live with some titled relatives of her lover. Eventually—but no, I think I shall not tell you quite all the story; you remember the fate of *Galatea* in the original, and this will give just enough clue not to spoil your enjoyment of a clever and sympathetically written tale, not

the least of whose merits is an Oxford chapter which is obviously the real thing, and not the combined product of imagination and a guide-book.

Sanguine of ultimate greatness myself, I follow with interest the careers of other great men, especially those of fiction. From the study of the latter I conclude that to prove yourself really great you have merely to talk about nothing but yourself and to be very talkative. As to the way of achieving this, I have learnt little. It is done, I suppose, between the chapters. *Peter Vandy* starts his financial greatness (and what greatness is not financial, nowadays?) upon original lines and to the accompaniment of many wise and witty sayings of his author, EDWIN PUGH. Too soon he sinks into the plutocratic routine of fiction, making unlimited money by melodramatic methods, of which the type is familiar and

the working details not too clearly explained. The more money he accumulates the duller his story becomes, until finally his wife has to spit in his face and he felled by his fist in order to keep my interest alive. Beyond that one great knock-out blow, I have to take the frequent word of himself and Mr. PUGH for the magnitude of *Peter Vandy*. He gains the whole world, I am told, but loses his own soul; yet I wonder privately whether he ever had a soul to lose. The name of the novel in which *Peter Vandy* appears is, oddly enough, *Peter Vandy*. Its publisher is C. H. WHITE, and its first half is well worth reading.



BACK FROM THE MANGLE.

(Showing that the Laundry Problem goes back to mediaeval times.)
The Knight (regarding his shirt of mail). "MOTHES, FORSOOTH! 'TIS THEY VICIOUS CHEMICALS!"

years to an observance of the true fundamentals of cricketing style. Mr. PATTERSON has brought to the accomplishment of his task a rare blend of enthusiasm, modesty and knowledge. His account of H. H. STEPHENSON, the professional who practically created Uppingham cricket, is most attractive. H. H. loved a straight bat and a bat played forward, and he detested the abominable "cross stroke." So does Mr. PATTERSON, and so, I have reason to believe, does Mr. PUNCH. I observe that Mr. PATTERSON, when he first played for the School against the Old Boys in 1871, made an aggregate of 14 runs in two innings. In 1908, playing for the Old Boys against the School, he made an equal amount in one innings. In thirty-seven years he has thus doubled his capacity. In the meantime, he had put in a few centuries; and now he has written the record of his School in the game he loves. He has done his work excellently well.

The Right to Live.

"Emily Aves, who was accused at Highgate of subsistence, produced £11 in gold."—*The Cornishman*.